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Puck

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HAS SHE GOT HIM AT LAST?



AMENITIES.

Uncle Sam and John Bull beamed upon each other affectionately.

"Let's take something!" urged Uncle Sam, as is his custom when his heart is full.

"By all means!" replied John Bull, cordially; "I suggest territory!"

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

FARMER GOSHDARN.—I notice, lately, thet ol' man Stiggy 's kinder straddle o' th' fence on this here matter of Imperialism.

FARMER GOLSWAN.—Yes; his two sons is home from college, an' one o' them is ag'in' the policy, an' th' other 's hot fer takin' everything in reach. Makes it kinder embarrassin' fer th' ol' man.

THE CHIEF reason why we can't see ourselves as others see us is that love is blind.



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A TERRIBLE STRAIN.

MRS. WELLMET.—Poor fellow! I suppose your lot in life is a very trying one.

BEGGAR.—You bet it is, lady! Dis bein' obliged to look mournful an' disconsolate wit' half-a-dozen hot whiskies inside of yer is no cinch! If I was n't a reg'lar Henry Irving I could n't stand de strain!

A HERO.

WHEN JACK was down in Cuba,"

The soldier's sweetheart said,

"He took three Spaniards all alone,
And none of them were dead.

"And after that he took a fort—
Oh, my! but it was fine!

And next he took some Spanish guns,
I think they numbered nine.

"And then he took a regiment,
With all their cannon, too,"

(My temples throbbed, I thought her daft,
This tale could not be true.)

"He was to take a Spanish ship,"

She said (I thought I 'd choke);

"But just before he got a chance—
The mean old kodak broke!"

Bide Dudley.

HIS OPINION.

FRIEND.—Do you approve of the idea that each company should have a cook with the rank and pay of corporal?

THE VETERAN.—Of corporal? Why, a good cook deserves the rank and pay of a Major-General!



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HE REMONSTRATES.

HIS MOTHER.—Yo' know what yo' ll git if I cotech yo' fightin' ag'in!

SAMMY.—Wal, Mammy, yo' doan' 'spec' a feller to do all his scrappin' wif his mouf?

THE CHAP BEHIND.

ON O'ER the moonlit road we sped,
Just Nell and I together
Behind old Dolly in the sled,
Fur-wrapped against the weather.
Fast friends we 'd been from childhood, till
I loved her like a sister;
And yet that night by Morton's Mill
Somehow I — well, I kissed her!

What change was this from liking to
Love all within the minute?
Ah! even then full well I knew
Some mystic pow'r was in it!
Before we 'd turned the corner at
The Gray Horse Inn, I 'd told her
My world lay in my arms, and that
Thus ever would I hold her.

And she — but, ah! I 'll never tell
What whispered words delighted
My eager ears; but, as they fell,
Our troth was fondly plighted.
And then I heard a mirthful sound,
And, wond'ring who could find us,
Turned head and spied, as I 'll be
bound,
Dan Cupid perched behind us!

R. S. Powell.



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THE REAL SLEUTH.



REAL SLEUTH certainly does n't look it. His appearance suggests the glitter of plate-glass, rows of bottles and sawdust more than the grim shadow of the cell of justice and cocked revolver. In fact, you find him not much different from your favorite bartender; if all bartenders are not favorites with you.

Perhaps you have never seen a Real Sleuth. Your only ideas of the detective profession may be formed by vague recollections of those youthful subjects for emulation set in ten-cent frames. If so, I must hasten to point out the wide differences between the modern and ten-cent schools of Sleuthism. You see, the ten-cent Sleuth is usually chosen by a verbose author, solely for his ornamental qualities.

The Real Sleuth can not be said to be ornamental, at least in an æsthetic sense. But his services, even in arresting a pickpocket, are of much more value to the citizen than the hair-raising exploits of the Dime Sleuth, that only serve to retard the municipal messenger service.

By refreshing your memory with ancient detective classics of boyhood, and the throats of any modern detectives you may run across with whiskey, you are enabled to observe the difference in ancient and modern methods.

The Dime Sleuth, as you always read, had some rendezvous, perhaps in a cave or deserted house. Here he met and consulted his brother sleuths. There, consorting with his fellow-bloodhounds, he laid his intrepid plans to entrap the lawless. He always summoned his fellows to the conclave by some peculiar sign or whistle. In real life he says: "Boys, they're on me at the Dutchman's!" and a dozen of his brother sleuths leave the station-house and accompany him to his rendezvous. Here, over several rounds of the "old stuff," the secret conclaves are held most frequently.

In the dark, subterranean secret-passage of the dime-novel, when your hero had at last captured his wary quarry, this kind of dialogue took place:

QUARRY.—Have a care, Rob Resolute, you little know of my resources!

DIME SLEUTH.—Do your worst, Slick Sam; Rob Resolute never knew fear!

In the alley off the Bowery, when the Real Sleuth "gets next" his man, you may hear this:

MAN.—All right, Mike! De gang won't do a t'ing to youz!

REAL SLEUTH.—Aaaaah! quit your kiddin and come on!

You see, you must make a shift in nomenclature to be up-to-date on Sleuths. Your boyhood idols were named "Daredevil Dick," "Surreptitious Steve," or something of the sort. The only sobriquet that the Real Sleuth rejoices in may be "Mike," "Tim," or, perhaps, "Larry, the Lobster;" the last used more in derision than to herald exceptional pinching powers.

When your ten-cent hero bore "Viva Rouge, the Lady Demon" on his horse to the bar of justice, he gallantly remarked: "Your Honor, such a fair burden made my task agreeable, however arduous;" but the Real Sleuth, when he lands the chaperon of a mixed ale party in the station house, says: "Had to call the wagon, Sarge; she lay down and kicked with me!"

The Dime Sleuth was repeatedly changing his laborer's clothes "to the gorgeous costume of a Prussian nobleman," or making other alterations of that simple and facile description, behind a tree, doorpost, or most any place that came handy. Your Real Sleuth would as soon throw up his job as appear altered in a single detail of his checked and diamond-studded dress. If you suggested the removal of his gracefully twirled and dyed "mústash" he would run you in, on suspicion of insanity.

So you see it's well to refresh yourself on modern Sleuthism, else you might be disappointed in the man who has come to search your cook's trunk. He will do it better than "Invincible Ike" ever investigated the great diamond robberies of Flashy Gulch; but not so dramatically.

And, remember, it is better to observe the Real Sleuth as I wish it understood I have done: — by making his acquaintance for the purpose of observation. Never let him force his acquaintance on you as the result of observation.

Larkin G. Mead.



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AS TO A MUSICAL RIVAL.

Fig. — Lucy Johnson done tole me she only tuk a quartah's pianner lessons.
SHE. — Wal, de way she plays yo'd t'ink she only tuk a quartah's wuth!

MRS. GROGAN'S PRESENTIMENT.

ARRY, B'Y! D' ye see no sign av yer father yet?" demanded Mrs. Grogan.

"Divil a sign, Mither; an' ut's sivin b' th' clock, already," replied Larry, returning to his work of shining the goat's horns with stove-polish.

"T's th' weight av me hand he'll feel, if he comes home wid th' bit av a shtagger!" growled the lady; and she banged the oven door so hard that a bushel of soot fell down into the stove.

"Wurra, but I'm that narvous!" she continued, pensively biting the end of a spoon. "An' that superstitious! I've a presentiment av evil that makes me creep. I can't help thinkin' that somethin' 's gone amiss wid th' owld man!"

Mrs. Grogan went to the door and looked out. Toiling up the path to the shanty she saw a little group of men from the quarry, bearing on a rough litter the helpless form of a man.

Mrs. Grogan sat down on the doorstep, and, throwing her apron over her head, rocked back and forth, moaning.

"A'wushaa'hone! Ow, wow! I knew ut! I knew ut! He's hurted in th' quarry! I had th' presentiment; an' did n't I pass bechune th' two inds av a funeral this day, an' ain't that th' sure sign av a death?"

By this time the men had nearly reached the shanty, and the foreman, stepping to the front, said:

"T is sorry I am, Mrs. Grogan, t' bring Danny home t' ye this way. But, ye see, Mam, 't was like this: Danny quit work at noon an' wint off an' niver come back till near four o'clock.

Thin he wint over t' where th' min wuz puttin' down a blasht—"

"Vis, yis! Oh, me! Oh, my!"

"Where they wuz puttin' down a blasht in a hole an'—"

"I know! I know!" sobbed the grief-stricken woman. "Th' hole wuz loaded an' they blew him up!"

"No, Mam; — 't wuz yer husband wuz loaded, an'—"

"What 's that? It's not kilt he is, but drunk? Ah, ha! Let me at him! Sure, he'll wish ut *was* th' blasht that blew him up b' th' time I git done wid him! Ye did n't blow him up? Well, b' th' Powers, I will!"

And the crowd, knowing the lady to be as good as her word, silently moved away, to be out of range of the explosion.

George Totten Smith.

THOROUGHLY POSTED.

FRIEND.—I suppose you know all your mistress's secrets by this time?

THE MAID.—Why, I know the real color of her hair!

A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

THE ADAPTER.—I don't think this play requires any expurgation to prepare it for the American stage.

THE MANAGER.—All right; but keep the fact quiet. The play will never succeed unless people think it is a great deal worse in French.

HIS PLEASANT SURROUNDING.

OLD BAGROX.—Do you think you can surround my daughter with any degree of luxury, sir?

YOUNG CHEEK.—Yes, sir! Every time I embrace her she says it is heavenly; and that, I believe, sir, is even better than merely luxurious.

NOT SURPRISING.

"That's just like a woman! She married him because he was going to the dogs."

"Well?"

"And now she's leading him a dog's life."

THE BEST excuse for some of our self-made men is that there was something wrong with the raw material.

A MAN MAY wake and find himself famous; notwithstanding which, he may have to get up and hustle.

WHILE YOU are hoping for better things it is just as well to keep those you have in good repair.

WHEN GABRIEL blows his trumpet it will be curious to watch the kodak fiends.

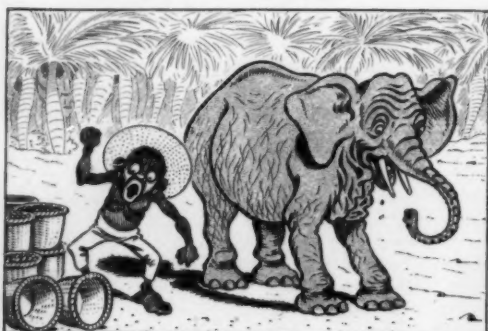
THE THIEVING ELEPHANT AND THE RESOURCEFUL FARMER.

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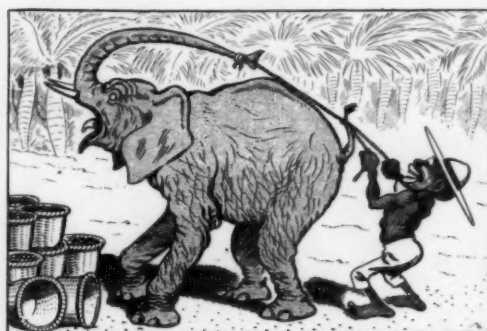
I.

THE ELEPHANT.—I don't mind working once in a while, when I can get all the dates I want to eat without having to pull them off the trees.



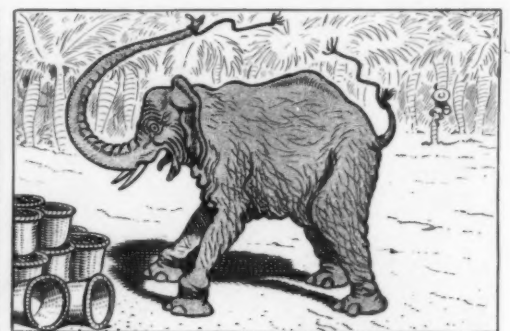
II.

DATE FARMER.—Great Jungles! That beast has eaten two baskets of dates! That don't pay, you leather-hided thief! I can't beat him, for he won't work if I do. What shall I do?



III.

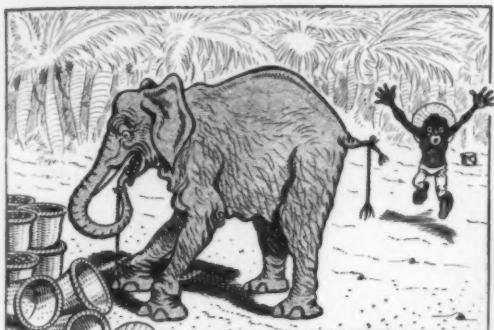
"I know a way to keep him out of mischief. I'll just tie his trunk to his tail, this way."



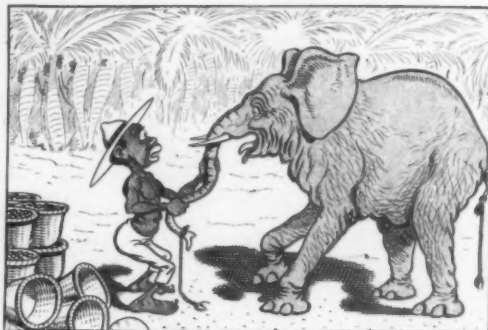
IV.

THE ELEPHANT.—That fellow is a jay! Guess he thinks us elephants is kittens and have no strength!





V.
"That makes three more baskets! Yum-m-m-m! I always did like dates."



VI.
DATE FARMER. — By the eyelashes of my mother-in-law! That beast will be the ruination of me! Five baskets lost! Come here, Willy; I'll fix you this time!"



VII.
THE ELEPHANT. — The miserable miser! That's what I call a low-down Irish trick! What use is my trunk now?

A THRILLING RECITAL.

"PLEASE TELL me a story," pleaded Uncle Timrod's little nephew, who was sufficiently ailing to stay home from school, and now yearned to be amused; — "a story about bears or wolves or something awful exciting, like that."

"Well, — er — h'm! — Amzi; let me see!" complied the old gentleman, after raking around in his memory for a moment. "Oh, yes! seems to me I recollect suthin' about a story which, I believe, was about a Russian prince who was journeying in a sleigh through a forest wilderness, when he was pursued by a pack of ravening, red-mouthed wolves. The prince lashed his horses quite a good deal and for a time kept safely in advance of the savage animals, but at length they had gained so on the tired horses that, thereby hoping to stay the pursuit a little, the nobleman, with an appropriate farewell, threw his child out amongst the wolves, which instantly began to devour it."

"Oo-o-o-o-o!" shuddered little Amzi, with horrified relish, while his hair began to stand up straight. "M'm-my gurgacious! I did n't know he had his child with him!"

"How could he have flung it to the wolves if he had n't had it along?"

"I don't know, sir. Do you s'pose it was his only child?"

"Don't know. Probably he had more of 'em at home — princes are usually pretty well-fixed for children. But, anyhow, that checked the fierce monsters for a brief time, but not so very long, for it was a small child," continued the uncle, in a tone with ice down its back. "Soon the pack came on faster than ever, with gnashing teeth and blood and foam dripping from their horrid jaws; and, presently, in utter desperation, the nobleman drew his sword, cut off his own left arm and threw it to the raging pack."

"Whoo-o-o-o-o!" shivered the little boy, his bulging eyes testifying to his enjoyment of the story. "What came next?"

"The wolves fought over it for a moment, and then came on in hotter pursuit than ever, howling like demons. Then, losing all hope, the Prince drew his sword again, and, quickly slashing off his other arm, flung it to the wolves. Then —"

"But, say, Uncle Timrod!" broke in the lad, with sudden skepticism, "how in the world

could he handle his sword to cut off his right arm when his left one was already cut off?"

"Why, he — I — that is," stammered the obliging uncle; "don't you see? — Now, look here, Amzi, who is telling this story — you or me?"

Tom P. Morgan.

VALUE OF TESTIMONIALS.

"Whenever melancholy seizes me and I begin to despair of the human race," said the philosophical young man who was frequently out of employment, "I just take the testimonials that my former employers have given me and read their glowing description of at least one man who is 'thoughtful, intrepid, modest, energetic, scholarly and a man of action, honest and shrewd,' etc., etc., and immediately my faith in mankind returns."

HER PREFERENCE.

BROWN. — My wife objected to having a burglar-alarm put in the house.

JONES. — Why?

BROWN. — Well, she figures that if there is no alarm burglars may finish their work quietly without waking any one; while, if she ever heard an alarm ring, she'd be sure to have an attack of hysterics.

LIMITED INFORMATION.

"Practically, then," said the first man, "you don't know anything about Samoa?"

"I do not," admitted the second man; "except that it is one of those places inhabited chiefly by natives."

CRUELLY MISLED.

"No," said the Cuban; "I can not believe in the sincerity of the United States."

"Why not?"

"They promised us our liberty, and the first thing they do is ask us to go to work."

SATIRE is the art of stepping on a man's toes without spoiling the polish on his boots.

THE GAME is not usually worth the candle that is burned at both ends.

TRUTH is mighty, but error is often abler to hire a hall.

IGNORANCE of the law excuses nobody; — everybody is supposed to know it all.



WHAT CAUSED THE BREAK.

MAY BISSOT. — But I thought it was going to be a real love match?

SALLY DEWITTE. — So did they, until her father told them they would have to scratch for themselves.



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UNFITTED.

LITTLE FLOSSY.—I'm going to be an old maid, like Aunt Sarah!

LITTLE TOMMY.—You can't! Who ever heard of an old maid named "Flossy?"



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KNEW TOO MUCH.

JAYVILLE LOAFER.—Why did yew tell that actor-feller that yew had n't any terbaccer?

JAYVILLE GROCER.—I've read about this yere stage-money;—it's no good!—'t ain't real money at all!

THE LAST TO FORSAKE.

FLORA.—So you know Mr. Norox, do you?

LENA.—Indeed I do! I'm one of his best friends. I was the last one to throw him overboard when he lost all his money?

WOULD BE WORTH TRYING.

FIRST TRAMP.—Dis advertisement says if yer once try dat whiskey yer 'll never be widout it.

SECOND TRAMP.—If dat wuz so, I'd try dat whiskey right away, if I had to saw wood to git de price.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

LITTLE RODNEY (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Papa, what is the proper age for a man to get married?

MR. HENNYPECK.—Not till he is old enough to know better, my son.

LOST HER RURAL VOTE.

"It is strange," said the Chicago politician, "that we failed to carry the city at the last election. I don't understand it."

"My opinion is," replied another Chicago politician, "that we made a great mistake in our city politics in not making some kind of a bid for the agricultural yote."

HIS IRREVERENCE.

OLD UNCLE GROUT.—Don't get to thinking that you know it all. Old age brings wisdom to a man.

FLIPPANT NEPHEW.—Yes; when he is too old to have sense enough to use it.

GLUTTONY is a vice, but dyspepsia is not a virtue.

QUITE A FEW of those who would rather be right than President, are nevertheless ready to stifle their own preferences for the public good.



PUCK.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED."

ANTI-EXPANSIONISTS express horror that we should undertake to govern a new territory without first securing the consent of its inhabitants. They assume that "the consent of the governed" is a fundamental principle of our system; whereas, it is nothing more than a pretty fiction. It is probable that no one ever yet consented to be governed. We devise Government for the protection of ourselves against the invasion of others. We impose it upon the others and if they don't "consent" we do things to them. But we never admit that we need it for ourselves. Ask any citizen if he needs laws to keep him from being a murderer, an incendiary or a pickpocket. Ask him if he needs any prohibitory statute to keep him decent. He will frankly admit that he does n't, but that he needs them to protect him from his neighbor. His neighbor is always an uncertain fellow; good at heart, possibly, but full of the devil and liable to carry on scandalously at any time. And so he governs his neighbor, regardless of his consent. Government is merely the expression of their mutual distrust. There is no consent about it, because consent which is not freely given and which can not be freely withdrawn is no consent at all. It is coercion and that is all Government ever is, however we may sugar the pill.

"Yes, but the people of our several States *do* consent to government by the United States, and those poor Filipinos don't consent," urges the anti-expansionist. Is that so? Do our States really consent? Well, just let one of them try to withdraw its "consent"—a privilege which is the very essence of consent to that which is continuous—and see what will happen. We know already. A few years ago a number of the States did withdraw their consent. The details need not be recited here. It is enough to say that one need look no further for illumination of the great truth that "consent of the governed" is a contradiction of terms. So much for the moral aspects of Expansion. Its opponents should confine themselves to its economic side. It is just as moral for the United States to govern the Filipinos as it is for it to govern the State of New York. It will doubtless be more expensive; but that is another tale.

HIS ARTFULNESS.

ASKINGTON.—What makes you speak of old Slicksmith as a war artist?

TELLER.—Why, he is smooth enough to draw a large pension for no apparent disability.

BY HIS WORKS.

"Is Jones really such a devout Christian?"

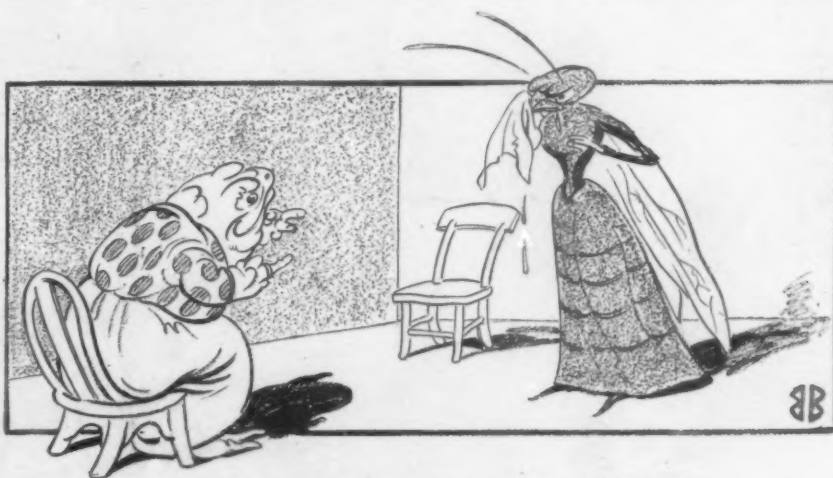
"Yes, indeed! Why, he'll even stay home from church Sunday morning to shovel the snow off his pavement."

A NATURAL QUERY.

HE (*between the acts*).—If you don't mind, I will run out and get a little air.

SHE.—Liquid air?

HELL, HOWEVER, costs the taxpayers less.



DRESS REFORM.

THE TOAD (*to the Wasp*).—No wonder you feel bad when you lace so tight! Now, you'd hardly believe me, but I never wore a corset in my life!

A LETTER AND A FABLE.

THE LETTER.

LEXINGTON, Neb.

EDITOR PUCK—Sir: In PUCK of January 4th, on the editorial page, is the following: "Another thing worth remembering before you worry about the coming year is our amazing prosperity. During this year, when we have been so engrossed with what many good folks believe was none of our business, we have sold to other nations more of our products than ever before, and we have also sold more than any other nation in the world. Again, we have bought less abroad than we ever did before. Get the figures and study them. They are significant."

That is true, and is n't it a magnificent showing of the results of a protective tariff? Can you call to mind a time when like conditions existed under a tariff-for-revenue law? Having attained such results in the short time that has passed since the law was enacted that has raised us, as a nation, from a condition of acute financial distress to one of bewildering prosperity, do you still insist that we "tear down that wall?"

Very respectfully yours,

H. O. SMITH.

THE FABLE:—"BEWILDERING PROSPERITY."

Some poor people, shipwrecked on a Foreign Shore, found it necessary to get out and Hustle for a living. They set to work Cheerfully and were doing very well when one day came along a genial Wizard who had mastered one of the most difficult arts of life, viz: how to get Rich while Watching other people Work.

"H'm!" said the Wizard, as he looked over the well-planted fields and nice new Factories, with a cordial Eye; "that 's pretty good, but it's Nothing to what you *can* do."

"We know That," said the poor People; "but, by hard work and Close attention to Business, we shall do better."

"Oh, Shucks!" exclaimed the Wizard; "you can't build up Industry *that* way. I have the only genuine System for promoting Industry. You just ought to try it!"

"What is your System?" asked the poor People.

"Well," said the Wizard, "I like your honest, manly faces, and I don't mind telling you. You give me half of what you make and I'll pass a law to keep up the Prices of all the things you buy; and, mark my Words, you will be better off fifty years from now than you are to-day. See if you 're not."

The poor People were Loud in their Expressions of Gratitude, and assured the Wizard that they did not see how they could ever Repay him for his great Service.

"Yes," replied the Wizard, "it is true that I am doing you"—here he coughed pleasantly—"I am Doing you a Great Service, but my Reward will be in seeing Industry built Up. Say no more, my good People."

So the People said no more, but went to work. They built more factories and planted more fields, and of all their Products they gave the Wizard one-half. And, the country being full of raw Wealth and very Fertile, they grew more prosperous in spite of this toll, and they were Glad. But they never Began to be as glad as the Wizard, who took good care to pay a Share of the toll to the lawmakers who Kept his law on the Books.

But there were rank Dissenters, even when prosperity was the greatest. And some of them spoke up, saying, "Why should we give up half of what we Make to this Wizard when all he does is to make us pay High prices for Everything?"

But others said "Oh! what shocking moral perversity! Don't you know we were never so prosperous in the Days before we had this System? and, so, can't you see that it's *because* of this System? If a man with a beautiful big Ball and Chain on his Leg can walk five miles a Day, don't you see he Could n't walk a Single step if he fied off the ball and chain?"

MORAL: Prosperity, sometimes, is "bewildering."

PRACTICALLY OVER.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I think you anti-expansionists ought to subside. We are not going to expand just now.

SECOND CITIZEN.—We are not?

FIRST CITIZEN.—No; we *have* expanded.

SURELY.

CLEVERTON.—They say Dewey may be put up for President.

DASHAWAY.—That would be a pity.

CLEVERTON.—Why?

DASHAWAY.—He ought to be allowed to continue to serve his country.

THESE HERESY cases indicate that the divinity schools have lost the secret of making the cloth in fast colors.



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SCHOOL BEG

UNCLE SAM (to his new class in Civilization).— Now, children, you
But just take a look at the class ahead of you, and remember that, in a little



SCHOOL BEGINS.

Now, children, you've got to learn these lessons whether you want to or not! Remember that, in a little while, you will feel as glad to be here as they are!

PUCK.

A DESIRABLE INDUSTRY.



HE SECRETARY of the Boombustown Board of Trade was sitting in his office wondering how on earth he was going to occupy himself till dinner-time, when the door suddenly flew open and in bustled a short, stout man, who seemed to be full of business and haste.

"I understand that your town wants industries to locate in it, eh?" said the stranger, without waiting for any formal greeting.

"Yes," replied the secretary, brightening up as though the visitor had turned the current on; "we do want to create this a great manufacturing centre."

"Well, well, what inducements do you offer?" sputtered the stranger before the secretary had finished.

"Why, upon being convinced that the business is substantial and safe," replied the secretary, with what he felt was unnecessary caution, so peremptory was the other's manner, "we'll donate the land for the buildings, and—"

"You will?" interrupted the stranger. "Whereabouts?"

"Almost any place in the suburbs," replied the secretary, liberally. "You can take your choice."

"Suburbs, sir? Suburbs, eh? Darn the suburbs! I want as near the centre of town as possible!" exploded the stranger. "Well, well, what else?"

"We'll agree to subscribe for part of the stock; say five thousand dollars' worth in a capital of—," continued the secretary, more and more dazzled by his visitor's business-like brusqueness.

"You will, eh?" interrupted the stranger. "By jinks! that's what I call clever. This is the town for me! I'll move here if I never move a leg afterwards!" he declared.

"Er—excuse me, my dear sir, but—er—what is your business?" hesitated the secretary, feeling as though he really ought to know without asking. "And—er—how many people do you employ?"

"Why, me? Me, sir? Thunder and lightning! how big a mob do you think it takes to give dancing lessons?"

Alex. Ricketts.

WE ARE inclined to feel more or less resentment against people who don't do as we predicted they would.



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SLIGHTLY MIXED.

THE TRAMP.—Der is anudder sayin' in support uv de one "All t'ings comes ter him who waits!"

THE FARMER.—What is it?

THE TRAMP.—"God help dose dat help demselves!"

PRIMOGENITURE RIGHTS seem to rest on the doctrine that the earth belongs to the oldest son because he saw it first.



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WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Before you married me, you said my lightest wish would be your law!

MR. NEWLYWED.—Well, is n't it so, dearest?

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Well, yes;—but you have got more ways of getting around the law than a millionaire tax-dodger!



A PROBABLE "CALL."

YOUNG MINISTER'S WIFE (*hopefully*).—Do you think the Lord will call you to preach in that wealthy Boston church, Henry?

YOUNG MINISTER (*calmly*).—I feel quite sure that he will, Jane! The trustees informed me confidentially that I was the only applicant on the list who was thoroughly sound on Ibsen, Emerson, Browning, and Howells!

EWIG WEIBLICHE.

At first the person in the tattered shawl shrank timidly away; but something in the face of the grand dame bade her be of good courage.

"Pity!" she faltered, extending her trembling hand.

The child of luxury contemplated the picture of abject poverty, and her heart softened.

"Here!" she exclaimed, impulsively opening her purse and taking from it two recipes for pudding and a newspaper poem.

"Heaven bless you!" gasped the beggar, scarcely able to believe her senses.

For, after all, she was a woman, with a woman's notion of the value of those things.

THICK ENOUGH.

"Beauty," sighed the gazelle, "is, after all, only skin deep!"

"Well, we pachyderms ain't kicking," replied the hippopotamus, being altogether deceived as to the motives of the people who came and stared at her.

AN INADEQUATE MOTIVE.

MANAGER.—There is one weak point about this melodrama. The old man's fortune amounts to a million;—you ought to make that ten millions.

PLAYWRIGHT.—Ten millions?

MANAGER.—One million is too paltry a sum to explain the infernal machinations of the villain.

NOT A GOOD FEATURE.

FIRST TRAMP.—Dese people say in de advertisement dat dere brandy, when it's used in egg-nogg, makes a rare treat.

SECOND TRAMP.—Dat's jest what's de matter wid it;—it's too blamed rare!

A MATCH-MAKER.

YES; they're engaged! and it's through my aid;
For weeks I've worried on that affair,
Correcting blunders my sister made,
Which nearly covered me with despair.
For instance, often I heard her tell
Of all the "other," how they could play,
Or sing, or something; I knew quite well
Just how such rivals would scare away

A quiet fellow like him, and so
I told what stupidities they really were,
And that, in fact, she had yet to know
A single "other" who wanted her.
And then her clothes on his calling-night—
Though father preaches economy—
Would stun a lord! But I fixed that right,
And showed how saving she has to be.

It seems impossible, yet she tried
To make him fancy she did n't care;
But I explained how she sat and cried
The night they quarreled; and then and there
He went and did it himself, although
I freely offered to help. He said
I must n't tell; but in time she'll know
How much she owes to her sister's aid.

Clayton Brewer.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

GUESSINGTON.—I'll wager that that broad-browed young man over there is a recently-graduated physician.

CLEVERLY.—Oh, no! Did n't you overhear him say that no one man can know everything?

KISSES.

The kiss that's stolen, now, is kissed
And gone for good; however,
The kiss that's kissed is seldom missed
So much as the kiss that's never.

MR. HENPECK'S VERSION — "When a Woman Will, a Man Must."



HELD BY THE ENEMY.

MR. FULLER.—That's strange!
Door's unlocked 'n' r can't open it!
Some onesh in 'ere holdin' it!



AN INDUCEMENT.

"Vy don't you choin der glub?"

"Vell, I don't care much for bowling, ennahow!"

"Suppose you don't? It's a goodt blace to do peezeess after office hours!"

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

**Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.**
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—
S-O-H-M-E-R
New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warerooms, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

A RARE CHANCE.

They ought to build a college
In Walla Walla, Wash.,
For it's easy to see its yell would be
The worst of all, b'gosh!
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE GOLF ELBOW.

MISTAH EBONY. — How is youah
health dis mo'ning, Mistah Black?
MISTAH BLACK. — I's all hunkydory
'cept my right a'm, Mistah Ebony. I's
sufferin' from de golf elbow."
"Wot you been doin'?"
"Beatin' ca'pet." — N. Y. Weekly.

EXCELLENT.



I am pleased to add my endorsement to Pozzoni's Face Powder; it is excellent.
Sincerely,
Blanche Walsh

How can it be better than EXCELLENT. You may try Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder by sending your name and the name of this paper to J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

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receipt of price. Address,
PUCK, N. Y.

It is discouraging to a newly married
man to sear his conscience praising his
little wife's cake, and then have her tell
him she got it at the baker's. — *Roxbury
Gazette.*

LIFE is but a toothless, hairless be-
ginning and a toothless, hairless end,
between which are sandwiched the sol-
emn ceremony of a marriage and other
mistakes. — *Adams Freeman.*

A WESTERN IDYL.

ROAD AGENT. — Hold up yer hands, gents! Thankee, thankee. Much
obliged for this watch. Been wantin' one like that fer some time. These other
watches is beauties, too. Now yer pocket-books, if yer please. Thankee, thankee.
Sorry I had to interrupt yer journey; but that ring, please. Thankee, I won't de-
tain yer any longer. Hope y'll find th' folks all well at home. Good-by! Pleasant
trip. Hope y'll come this way ag'in soon. I feel greatly honored at havin' had yer
company fer th' few minutes ye tarried here. Good-by, gents; good-by!

FIRST DRUMMER (after the stage moves on). — I wonder where that villain
studied politeness?

SECOND DRUMMER. — I think he must have been a Summer hotel-keeper.
— *New York Weekly.*



Ask your Dealer
for the "Good Luck Flask."

WORLD'S STANDARD

Popular Cocktails.

Purity, Perfect Distillation,
Scientific Blending.

The Most Delicious of Drinks.

"They touch the spot."

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VERMOUTH, BRANDY, GIN, ETC.

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RHEINSTROM BROS.,

Distillers and Exporters. Cincinnati.



A HOPEFUL SIGN.

MISTRESS. — Do you think that young Officer Keegan, who calls here so often, means business, Norah?
THE COOK (blushing). — I think he do, Mum; — he's begun to complain about my cooking already!

IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT
Drink
**OLD BARREL
RYE WHISKY**
FOR SALE IN EXCLUSIVE
HOTELS, RESTAURANTS &
CAFES.
ANGELO MYERS, Distiller
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"Can any mortal MIXTURE of Earth's mould
Breathe such enchanting ravishment!" — MILTON.

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke
IS FRAGRANT

and there is luxury and econo-
my in every pipeful. You can't
get many good cigars now for
\$2.00 — can you?

\$2.00 will buy a pound of
Yale Mixture — say 400 pipefuls
— and you will have all the pipe-
smoker's satisfaction and com-
fort without your (every-day?)
cigar extravagance.

TROUBLE gets into many a home by means
of a night latch-key. — L. A. W. Bulletin.

WHEN a man becomes too old to take advice,
he begins to give it. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

TRADE.

"We are not a na-
tion of shopkeepers,"
haughtily remarked
one member of the
Spanish cabinet.

"Of course we are
not," answered the
other.

"There is a great
deal of satisfaction in
reflecting that even
though the Philippines
are no longer ours,
we got a much-needed
twenty million in spot
cash for a very trou-
blesome lot of ground.
As I said, we are not
a nation of shopkeep-
ers; but I imagine we
could hold our own
if we were to open a
few real estate offices."
— *Washington Star.*

GIVE AND TAKE.

MINNIE. — I wonder
if she takes something
for that smooth com-
plexion?

MAMIE. — No; I
think she gave some-
thing for it. — *Wash-
ington Star.*

YEAST. — Are you
troubled with head-
ache?

CRIMSONBEAK. — Of
course, I am! Every-
body is who has it. —
Yonkers Statesman.

"He never smiled
again," is the title of
some floating machine
verses; but there is
nothing to indicate
whether he died or
joined the Prohibition-
ists. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

BILL. — Is that parrot of yours up to date?
JILL. — I should say so! He uses a mega-
phone! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

WHY do we call it "hand writing?" Does
anybody write with his feet? — *Washington
Democrat.*

Now Ready:

**Puck's
Quarterly**
No. 12.

Price 25 cents.

POLITE.

SISTER (who has just sung for charity).—Well, I never thought my voice would fill that big hall!
FRESHMAN BROTHER.—Neither did I. I thought it would empty it. —*Harvard Lampoon.*

Wool Soap

is all soap—no rosin, no filling, no adulteration—positively pure, and absolutely safe for toilet and bath.

Swift and Company, Chicago
The only soap that won't shrink woollens

10 YEARS OLD.

10 YEARS OLD.



The Purest Type
OF THE
Purest Whiskey.

NOT TO HIS LIKING.

"There's always something happening to worry me!" exclaimed the Chinese Emperor to the friend with whom he was traveling incog.

"What's the matter now?"

"The rumor that I am alive has been started again." —*Washington Star.*



20TH CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR LAUNCH

Seats 8, Speed 6 miles, costs to run 1 1/2¢ per hour. Guaranteed for one year or money refunded. PRICE, \$200. Send 10¢ for large catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, etc., in steel, wood and aluminum. RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Lakeview, Racine, Wis.

REFUTATION.

"What does that man mean by saying you made all your money out of politics?" exclaimed the indignant friend.

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "It aint accurate, anyhow. It was in politics that I made my money." —*Washington Star.*

THE first two figures of 1899, when added, equal either of the last two, and the last two, when added equal the first two. Well, what of it?—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

NO DETAILS NEEDED.

MRS. BLANK.—The paper tells of a postmaster who was appointed by John Quincy Adams, and has held the position ever since. Was he an unusually good man, do you think?

MR. BLANK (an experienced citizen).—Oh, not at all; not at all. It was an unusually poor office. —*New York Weekly.*

TIME and time again he was interrupted in his speech, and finally he hesitated, braced himself, and said: "I may be a dry talker, but I'd have you understand I'm not so dry that you can rattle me." The interruptions were no more. —*Adams Freeman.*

"It is a question to me," said the dentist, as he got up in the cold to answer a cry from his baby, "if a fellow makes most noise when his teeth are coming, or when they are going." —*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Does hanging prevent murder?" is a question which agitates the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Yes, it does. Cases are very rare where a man commits murder after he has been hanged once or twice. —*Roxbury Gazette.*



HOW HE SUFFERED.

JACK.—Yes; I'm a victim of the war.

SPECTATOR.—What happened to yer?

JACKY.—I was kept in the Brooklyn Navy Yard till the fightin' was all over.

Now Ready Puck's Quarterly No. 12. 25 cts.

Digestion's greatest aid—Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every meal gives appetite and helps digestion.—Abbott's.

A steadfast growth of half a century tells what Cook's Imperial Champagne extra dry, is. Gold medal, World's Fair.

DON'T FALL TO PIECES.

DE SMARTE.—Why do you always persist in buying your clothes at instalment houses?

DE SHARPE.—They always try to give me stuff that will last until the instalments are paid. —*New York Weekly.*

BILL.—The under dog in a fight gets all the sympathy.

JILL.—Yes; but, unfortunately, that is n't all he gets. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

"THERE'S no use in haunting this place any longer," sighed the ghost; "all the people see through me." —*Yale Record.*

DON'T build the ginger-bread house of cheap reputation on the ten-cent foundation of inexperience. —*Ram's Horn.*

It is surprising how many men have slouchy, careless business methods. The writer of this is one of them; the reader is probably another. —*Atchison Globe.*

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JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,
The Well-Known American Composer.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA WRITES:
When worn out, I find nothing so helpful as a glass of Vin Mariani. To brain-workers and those who expend a great deal of nervous force, it is invaluable.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

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Mariani Wine gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity.

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CULTIVATE the field of life clear up to the corners. —*Ram's Horn.*

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"SOMETIMES," said Uncle Eben, "a man imagines dat he's puttin' his foot down wif great firmness, when he's merely gittin' his back up an' lookin' ridiculous."—*Washington Star*.

A MARRIED woman can't be happy without creating the impression that she has risen above her troubles.—*Atchison Globe*.

LUCKE'S ROLLS

A Revelation To AMERICANS.

Not a Cigar, Cheroot, Stogie or Cigarette, Something new and fine.

Called "Rollers" by the native epicures of Porto Rico—made by native methods. We call them "ROLLS," so named by the men of Gen. Brooke's command. We have secured about all of this, the best leaf raised in Porto Rico. The last cargo of 500 bales is now unloading for us in New Orleans. This stock is pronounced equal to the rarest Vuelta. "Lucke's Rolls" leave no excuse for high-priced cigars. No 2 for 25c. cigar now made equals them in richness. Their flavor and aroma is absolutely matchless.

Act at once upon this PROPOSITION It may not appear again.

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Send us \$1.00 only. We prepay delivery anywhere in U.S. If you don't say—on trying them—that territorial expansion is a good thing—and that "Lucke's Rolls" are an easy, mellow, rich smoke and equal (in quality not size) to any 2 for 25c. cigar now made your \$1 back—quickly and willingly. Do not distrust this offer. It is generous and absolutely faithful. We employ 3000 hand work-people. We are good for what we say. Ask any bank or mercantile agency. Send at once—you are not likely to see this offer again.

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GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHION

By wearing GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS. Do not require larger shoes. Invisible, durable, healthful. Increase height 1/4 to 1 in. 1/2 in. high, 25c.; 3/4 in. high, 50c.; 1 in. high, 75c. Ladies' or men's. SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial. Gilbert Mfg. Co., 26 Elm St., Rochester, N.Y.

MERELY A MATTER OF TENSE.

GRANDMOTHER.—And is John's new watch going all right?

HIS FATHER.—No, Mother. It's gone, long ago!—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

"SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "holler 'bout havin' los' dah reputation, when, as a matter o' fack, dey has jest foun' de kind dat b'longs to 'em."—*Washington Star*.

THE best Christmas Present John

gave me,

To her true friend Mary Ann said she,

Downtown on Broadway to him

were sold,

Collar Buttons of glittering gold.

The

"BENEDICT."

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,

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Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with Pepsalt and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. Pepsalt taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

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THE most deplorable kind of insanity is the kind that starts its victims to writing pieces for the papers.—*Washington Democrat*.

THE nickel-in-the-slot music-box "can't play for a cent."—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

PAULINE.—What good will the mistletoe do? Mr. Blink is so near-sighted he'll not be able to see it.

PENELOPE.—But I guess he'll believe me when I tell him it's there.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Evans' Ale Evans' Stout

To be taken at dinner, or with a Rarebit, or Sandwich, as the case may be.

Repeat as symptoms require. Good Health, M. D.



Red Top Rye "Built to Fit the Taste!" Its Purity, Quality and Bouquet commend it as the Ideal Whiskey. FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS, DISTILLERY: Daviess Co., Ky. CINCINNATI, O. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

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IRREPRESSIBLE.

HUSTLER OFFICE DEVIL.—Your old boss ain't in it wid mine. The old boss down ter our shop printed a set of visitin' cards and got the paper out the same day last week. That old paper ain't failed ter come out every Thursday fer three years, and never will!

BAZOO OFFICE DEVIL.—Never will! Whot'd ye t'nk if ye'd bust yer old press all ter pieces some Thursday mornin'?

"Humph! That would n't bother the old man. He'd jest go at it an' get the paper out the day before!"

Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters—acknowledged the world over as the greatest known regulator of the stomach and bowels.

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4711," which is the standard in all civilized countries.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y., U. S. AGENTS.



A MAN must want money bad when he goes
to counterfeiting it.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DON'T TAKE IT

If your dealer offers you another collar button
and says "it's just as good" as the

KREMENTZ
One-Piece
Collar Button.



There's no "just-as-good" kind made. You get
a new one in case of accident of any kind. All
jewelers sell them. Insist on getting the

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Extraordinary Tour via Pennsylvania
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grandeur of natural scenery it is unrivaled. To
traverse it, to behold its diversities and its won-
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WASHINGTON.

LV. NEW YORK 3:00 P.M.—AR. WASH'N 8:00 P.M.
LV. WASH'N 3:00 P.M.—AR. NEW YORK 8:00 P.M.



OFF HIS GUARD.

UNCLE JOSH.—I know I was foolish but I was n't dreamin' of meetin' a bunco
man. You see, it happened in Buffalo.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Well?

UNCLE JOSH.—Well, of course, I never s'posed you'd meet a bunco man anywhere
except in New York.

STEPS TO HEALTH
BEECHAM'S PILLS
WISE FOLKS TAKE THEM

HAVE YOU VISITED
THE ADIRONDACKS
IN WINTER?

If you need a bracing, dry air, filled with the
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ger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



I.
KINDLY STRANGER.—What is the matter, my little man? Why doest thou weep? Why hast thou that brick in thy hand?
WILLY GREEN.—Why, that big bully just give me a swipe in th' neck and I 'm goin' to t'row dis brick at him!



II.
KINDLY STRANGER.—Nay, nay, my son! Revenge is not thine! Throw away the brick! Rather shouldst thou heap coals of fire upon his head. Doest thou some kind act unto him at thy first opportunity and it will repay thee!



III.
WILLY GREEN (*a few hours later*).—Here comes that Bully Jones; all dressed up in his best Sunday suit! Say, I think I'll try that coal-of-fire racket on him. I'll go in and get two pieces of bread and molasses and give him a piece!



IV.
(*Timidly*).—"Say, Bully, do you want one of these slices of bread and molasses? All right, you can have one!"
BULLY JONES.—Say, dis is fine! Dis will square us fer me swipin' yer dis mornin'!



V.
"Say, Greeny, dis is a reg'lar treat! Just watch me git on de outside of dis!"



VI.
"I never tasted nothin' so good fer a good while!"



VII.
"Say, Greeny, dere 's me mother callin' me! I 've got to be goin'!"



VIII.
MRS. JONES.—For goodness sake! What have you been doing? Just look at that new suit! Don't tell me! Make no excuses! I'll fix you! I'll teach you a thing or two! You wicked, careless boy!
WILLY GREEN.—Say, dat coal-of-fire racket worked all right!

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COALS OF FIRE.

A CASE OF UNLOOKED FOR RETRIBUTION.